

# JEST NUTS



## Pocketless.

"We can trace many of our sins to Adam," said the breakfast philosopher, "but there is one that we cannot."  
"What may that be?" asked the hat clerk.  
"Walking around with hands in our pockets."

## Still Insinuating.

Bill—A man wouldn't expect to be cheated in church; now, would he?  
Jill—No, not unless he was married there.—Judge.

## Let Her Down Easy.

Sibyl—"Mr. Joshem complimented me on my intellectuality last night. What do you suppose he meant by that?"  
Phyllis—"Oh, it was a polite way of admitting that he hadn't the nerve to call you a beauty."

## No Encouragement.

He—It is a serious matter when love comes into a man's life.  
She—Yes, especially when it isn't contagious.

## Strong Marks.

"Here's a description of that defaulting cashier: 'About 45 years old, height 5 feet 8, rather stout, blue eyes, prominent teeth, inclined to baldness.'"  
"He'll soon be caught. It should be easy to locate a man with stout blue eyes and teeth with a little hair on them."

## His Reason.

"Do you mean to tell me that you voted for this administration?"  
"I do," answered Colonel Jaggars. "It was under this administration, sir, that the experiments were conducted showing the extent to which imported liquor is adulterated, thereby proving the superiority, sir, of our native moonshine article."—Washington Star.

## Son of His Father.

Poppleigh—"My wife has a book in which she records all the bright things our baby gets off."  
Smithkins—"Why I had no idea the little fellow was old enough for that sort of thing."  
Poppleigh—"Oh, yes. He repeats everything he hears me say."

## Knew His Ways.

Pretty Parlor Maid—"There is a gentleman at the door, ma'am."  
Mistress—"Did he give you his card?"  
Pretty Parlor Maid—"No, ma'am; but he insisted on giving me a kiss."  
Mistress—"Oh, that is my brother Jack. Let him in."

## Tommy Had Upset the Ink.

Tommy—Ma, lend me a lead pencil.  
Mother—I just left pen and ink on the parlor table for you. What do you want with a pencil?  
Tommy—I want to write to the editor of the paper to ask him what'll take ink stains out of the parlor carpet.

## No Occasion for Alarm.

Percy Moneybags (who is eloping with Deacon Poorman's daughter)—Darling, what if your father should overtake us?  
She—Don't worry about that, Percy. Pa has gone ahead to have the preacher in readiness.

## All Fixed.

"Now, dear," said Mr. Polkley, who had just been accepted, "when shall I speak to you father?"  
"You needn't bother," replied the dear girl. "Pa said he'd speak to you to-morrow if you didn't speak to me to-night."

## His Ambition.

"But you may discover the Pole yourself," suggested his friend.  
"Oh, no," said the leader of the relief expedition. "I shall be quite satisfied if I discover the man who went to discover the Pole."

## After the Scrimmage.

"Was Tommy hurt badly, Jack?"  
"I guess not. He hasn't complained."  
"What does he say?"  
"Nothing. He hasn't come to yet."—Puck.

## WORSE.



She—Did you ever play toothball?  
He—No, but I once got caught in the crush around a bargain counter

## Perverse Woman.

Hickory—"It's an awful thing to propose to a girl seriously and then have her throw you down!"  
Slippery—"Well, you shouldn't have proposed to her seriously; then she would have accepted you."

## Insulated.

Smythe—I should think these motormen would get some awful electric shocks now and then.  
Browne—Well, I don't see how. They are non-conductors, you know."

## Misrepresenting the Facts.

Harry—I hear Tom is going to leave off drinking and marry an heiress.  
Dick—That's just the way facts get twisted. He is going to keep on drinking and marry a snake charmer.

## Men Outclassed.

She—Women may gossip sometimes, but they have better control of their tongues than men have.  
He—You are right. Men have no control whatever of women's tongues.

## A CINCH.



Lady—Did you ever feel as though you'd like to work?  
Tramp—Yes'm. I wouldn't mind being a lineman for a wireless telegraph company.

## Ancient Football.

Hannibal lined up his elephants and then arranged his army behind them. "Our line is heavy enough," he mused. "And our back field isn't so light, either," he added as he glanced at the black Carthaginians.  
Then he gave the signal and plowed through the Roman right guard for a considerable gain.

## Backwoods Impressions.

"Mammy," said the little Georgia pickaninny, "Ah's head tell ob dese heah automobiles so much. What do dey look lak?"  
"De goodness only knows!" responded his mother, "but Ah spees dey looks lak de ol' Nick. Ah've heald dey all hab horns."

## A Getaway Artist.

"Fly with me!" pleaded the ardent youth.  
"But," said the dubious maiden, "I am afraid that they will come after us."  
"Let them," he exclaimed in disdain; "I know my business. I was with Kourapatkin in Manchuria."

## Not Qualified.

"I'm afraid," said the senior partner, "this new stenographer won't do."  
"Why not?" asked the junior partner.  
"She has no judgment. She writes my letters just as I dictate 'em—grammar and all."

## Insulting.

"The landlady is just hopping mad at old man Sharp."  
"What is the trouble now?"  
"Old man Sharp tasted the butter yesterday at dinner and suddenly reached over and handed the landlady two tickets to the pure-food show."—Cleveland Leader.

## Smart Boy.

"Boy," said the cautious old lady, "how many people are in that elevator?"  
"Six," chuckled the boy, "and if you get in it will remind me of a card game."  
"What card game, boy?"  
"Seven up."

## Art Criticism.

Uncle Josh—There was one of them landscape painters around here yesterday.  
Uncle Silas—Well, landscape painting ought to be a good, healthy occupation. It keeps a man out of doors an' give him plenty of fresh air.

## Please Ask a Policeman.

The man who doesn't know enough to look sober when a girl says that she is made with him is sadly inexperienced.—Boston Globe.  
But just suppose the girl is mad with him because he can't look sober?

## Pulled Out.

"What has become of Halfback's hair?" asked the man with the mutton bag.  
"Haven't you heard?" asked his friend. "Why, his team matched a lady football club and the ladies lost."

## Auric Astigmatism.

Little George—Aw, why can't I be something beside ordinary?  
Mother—What's the matter now?  
Little George—A new kid come to school to-day an' his ears ain't alike.

**Woman's Most Dangerous Weapon.**  
As if the eye were not a weapon with which every young woman is already expert, certain rules for an eye drill have recently been promulgated. It seems that the beauty of a woman's eyes lies not so much in their shape and color as in the way she uses them. Hence a long list of directions for rotating them so that the muscles may be best trained. Man never knows when he is safe.—Boston Transcript.

## Malay Marriage Laws.

The Malay is allowed four wives, but he is too wise to take the limit simultaneously or to be on with the new before he is off with the old; and though he may divorce and replace without much difficulty, the women also have privileges, which, in the better classes, mean settlements, division of property and the children provided for by law. Families are small.

## Long-Lived Pear Trees.

The pear tree will continue bearing fruit for several centuries. Trees bearing fruit in abundance when at least 300 years old are not uncommon. They are much longer-lived than the apple, which rarely lasts more than 100 or 150 years. The pear tree also grows much larger than the apple, and when 200 years old has often the dimensions of a forest tree.

## A Poser.

A certain physician told some of his patients that as long as they kept their feet dry they would be safe from the attack of the grip. He was surprised to receive a letter from one of his patients in which the latter said that he had two wooden legs and yet had the grip for five consecutive years. The letter was unanswered.—Albany Journal.

## Hard to Locate.

It was unquestionably a good stroke, but when the golf-playing physician wanted to know where to find the ball the advice he received from his caddy was quite as good as the stroke. "I think, doctor," he said, "you will have to probe for it."

## The Childish Questioner.

Harry, aged 4, was puzzled by the perspiration dripping from the brow of the gardener who was mowing the lawn. Being unable to solve the mystery to his satisfaction he finally asked: "Say, John, what makes your head leak so?"

## Minstrelsy for Charity.

An association in Manchester, England, known as the Minnehaha Amateur Minstrels, has made a business for the last twenty-five years of giving performances for charity. In that time it has raised \$57,130.

## But It's Hard.

When a woman works two months on a tidy for her church fair, and sees it appear marked 50 cents by a committee, she must be compelled to remind herself that the Lord demands humility.—Arlington Globe.

## Hold Circuses to Truth.

The laws of Italy are strict with regard to theaters and circuses. Every act or performance announced on the program must be given. Any great exaggeration by means of pictures is punishable.

## Life Insurance in Russia.

The poor activity of the insurance business in Russia is shown by the fact that in the entire empire there are only 28,810 companies, while the amount of insurance taken out is only \$39,321,421.

## Asbestos Suits Might Be Useful.

A Spokane paper says that "Idaho lawyers have decided to wear dress suits hereafter." Why not here? Don't harmonize with golden crowns and harps.—New York Herald.

## Cossacks Guarded Frontier.

The Cossacks were the first settlers of the Amur Territory in 1856, where they strung out in a frontier cordon 1,630 versts long to prevent hostile invasion.

## Possibilities of Sunshine Power.

Scientists estimate that there is energy enough in fifty acres of sunshine to run the machinery of the world, could it be concentrated.

## North Carolina Amethysts.

Amethysts of great beauty of color come from Tensley Creek, Macon county, North Carolina.

## Why Trouble Presses.

It isn't that your troubles are so many, but that you don't know how to handle them.

## Letting Well Enough Alone.

When one thinks deeply one dreads to spoil a good thing by trying to talk it.

## Primitive Tools Effective.

With a piece of string and a little sand and grease some Hindu convicts sawed through an iron bar two inches in diameter in five hours and escaped from jail.

## Pay of Indian Laborers.

Native laborers in India receive 4 cents a day for sixteen hours' work.

## Good Definition.

Happiness is a clear conscience and a good digestion.



"Henry, love, is your will made?"  
"Yes."  
"Have you put on your shirt of mail?"  
"Yes."  
And faintly planning on his place, "I am not drunk; my skull may be fractured," the modern citizen of a great city started for business.

## HIS DEBUT.

The summer girl may have her day. We know it to our cost. But at our windows now we see The winter man—Jack Frost.

Knieker-Jones has a scheme to offer Japan.

Knicker—What is it?  
Knicker—To strew banana peels around Port Arthur so as to hasten the fall.

## VALUE.

We often discover, As likely as not, A chip in the pocket's Worth two in the pot.

Methuselah was observed to chuckle.  
"Just thinking how I fooled that insurance agent when I bought my annuity," he explained.

With a light heart he went off to celebrate his 400th birthday.

## AUTUMN.

How Nature's workings harmonize! We see it everywhere. For now she grows chrysanthemums To match the football hair.

The Man Who Shook Hands With George Washington sighed dismally. "To think," he muttered, "that at this late day I should be knocked out by the man who bought the first Subway ticket!"

Reflecting on the perishableness of fame he sadly hobbled away.

"Yes," remarked the fair lady, "the marriage knot is exactly like my shoe."

## LICORICE WOOD A ROOT.

The Foundation of a Very Pretty and Dainty Plant.

Pretty nearly \$2,000,000 worth of licorice is used up in this country every year from the lands bordering on the Mediterranean. Most people think that licorice is made from the wooden twigs and branches of a tree. But in reality the licorice wood is the root of a very pretty, dainty plant, which has beautifully shaped leaves that are colored bright green on one side and pale silver green on the other. The licorice plant is a perennial, and in England, where they are trying to make an industry of raising it, the experimenters plant it in rows between cabbages and potatoes. In the Mediterranean and oriental countries great plantations are given up to it altogether. The licorice plant throws out immensely fleshy roots, full of juice when they are fresh. They spread and burrow far into the earth, and a good, big hole has to be dug to get them out. The licorice wood, as we see it here, represents only about half the original weight and size of the root, for fully 50 per cent of the juice is lost in drying it. Therefore the licorice dealers are getting to be more and more in favor of squeezing the juice of the roots on the spot and then shipping this extract.

## Not Too Young.

One of the younger members of a down town club was solicitously inquiring the other day what steps he should take in order to put up his infant son for membership, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Aren't you rather premature?" one of his friends observed. "You say he's only a year old."

"Yes, he's young yet," was the answer, "but that's about the only time to get him into a club nowadays. He's too young to have made any enemies or to attract any attention to himself. Anybody's likely to be kept out of a club according to a story I heard the other day. A man who was objected to could not for the life of him find out who had objected and why. After a great deal of trouble he discovered that the objection to him came from a man who had borrowed from him the money to pay his way through college. After that, what chance does any man stand?"

## A Good Ad.

Jacob Litt, the theatrical manager, is a strong advocate of advertising. He has great ability in the preparation of striking, attractive and successful advertisements, and nothing pleases him more than to find a novel or quaint idea embodied in an "ad."

"The last time I was abroad," said Mr. Litt, "I was driving in Kent when I came to a farm where there was pasture to let. The owner of this farm would have made a good ad writer, for the big poster that announced the pasture was gotten up in this humorous and whimsical way: 'This farm to let, seventeen acres, for grazing. Persons having old cattle, or cattle with strong appetites, had better be cautious in turning them out to pasture here, as my grass is so rich that it would be liable to injure them for the first week or so.'"

—San Antonio Express.

less. When there is an eligible man around it simply won't stay tied."  
And for still another trip she consulted the time table to South Dakota.

## ON THE GRIDIRON.

Let captains of armies and fleets Betake themselves now to the rear; Let captains of industries vast No more in the foreground appear.

Now others, and greater, have come, Whose glory is filling the sphere; We worship true heroes again— The captains of football are here.

## WHEN LIPS MEET LIPS.

A sweet Hippopotamus Miss Allowed to her lover a kiss; From the size of the twain, It is certainly plain There couldn't have been bigger bliss.

David had just flung the pebble at Goliath.

"Anyway," remarked the giant, "my funeral will be cheap. I have a nice stone at my head already."  
With this cheerful view of the matter he thereupon expired.

## THE WAY OF IT.

'Tis love that makes the world go round.

For me and for my neighbor; And when he strikes, we fill his place With Mammon's unskilled labor.

Knicker—Somebody says architecture is frozen music.  
Knicker—Great Scott, think of a Wagner flat!

## A TRIBUTE.

To what shall I compare her charms? I cannot call my girl a rose; Nay, Bridget is an autumn leaf— She paints things red before she goes.

## SOUNDS.

Though from its native element It may long have been free, The shell will hold within its depths The murmur of the sea.

The shell game has its music, too; However far away, It still will hold for one to hear The murmur of the day.

—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Press.

## CORN CROP IS IMMENSE.

Some Comparisons Which Show the Marvelous Production.

Our corn crop of this year, if massed together, would cover sixty acres of ground to the depth of nearly 1,600 feet—a veritable mountain of corn over a third of a mile high. If divided equally among the population of the earth it would give each person nearly two bushels. One practical result of the enormous corn crop ought to be a material reduction in the price of beef for home consumption, since it is the crop on which beef cattle are chiefly fed. In many parts of the west the harvest has been abundant, but in Oklahoma, especially, farmers this year are boastful of their corn crop. Favorable climatic conditions produced a record-breaking yield. In many instances the ears and stalks are of such unusual size as to be veritable curiosities. In a field owned by Walter Mathews, a farmer near the town of Mullish, in Logan county, an eleven-year-old boy weighing eighty pounds climbed a stalk to the height of four feet without its bending with him. The stalk was strongly rooted and about sixteen feet high. While the growth in Oklahoma was exceptional, no traveler through the west this fall could fail to be impressed with the vastness of the corn area and the immensity of the crop.—Leslie's Weekly.

## Agency Formed to Jog the Memory.

The frequent cases of weakness or loss of memory which threaten to make this age remarkable have given rise in Vienna to the establishment of a "Memento Agency," whose function is to relieve of anxiety those people who can not rely on their own recollection with regard to future engagements. The agency issues a double envelope to its clients. In one, on which you write your name, address and the date on which you wish to have your memory jogged, you inclose a note of the particular business of which you want reminding. You seal it up and send it, in the second envelope, to the agency, which returns you the inclosure exactly at the desired time. You are thus freed from all intermediate worry. There is only one possible flaw in this arrangement. Who can guarantee that the employees of the agency will not also lapse into forgetfulness?

## How to Remain Young Naturally.

Better than the art of growing old gracefully is the secret of not growing old at all. It is something worth knowing and worth remembering.

The secret is concealed in the fact that men and women are as old as they take themselves to be. That implies will power, but what of it? The world is governed by will power.

When a man says that he is dead on his feet he is usually telling the truth.

Growing old is a habit. When a man at 40, or 50, or 60 years imagines that he is growing old, he will be old. After awhile the world will learn the secret of longevity. Improved conditions, supplemented by will power, will perform the miracle.

Then a man, instead of growing old gracefully, will remain young naturally.—Chicago Journal.